The Black Cat

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The Lost Paradise.

BY GEIK TURNER AND T. F. ANDERSON.

EARLY last spring I made up my mind that there was a great call for a novelty in the line of vacations. The present attractions I decided were well enough for women and young people, but to the chastened imagination of middle-aged men the vacation season appeared more in the light of an annual martyrdom, which must be paid to cause of matrimony. What was needed by this most lucrative class of patrons was a complete novelty and an opportunity for an entire rest. In my opinion, a hotel man should show imagination at other times than when making up his bill. Accordingly I considered the matter for some time and finally hit upon an idea which, it seemed to me, would appeal immediately to the most jaded appetite. This I at once proposed to a dozen of the most wealthy of my patrons, who, while skeptical about the possibility of carrying it out, promised to back me to any reasonable extent if I should succeed. Without delay I started to South America to get a floating island.

My idea, in short, was to secure one of those common products of nature in South American streams, and tow it into the ocean for a sort of private reserve. These islands I calculated, being a

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tough, wiry mass of interlacing roots, would, without a shadow of a doubt, prove entirely seaworthy. Their construction, of course, could be strengthened, and in the worst of storms provision could very easily be made for protection from the action of the waves by a series of oil ducts opening on all sides. In short, I had every confidence that the plan was entirely feasible and that its advantages would include a complete rest for the tired business man, a climate made to order, and every kind of recreation which it is possible for money to buy.

In the beginning I had been led to believe that I should be able to pick up a good island at a nominal price on the Amazon. After a long trip through that river, however, I found nothing but some second-class, marshy-looking concerns that did not at all answer my requirements. But as my guides assured me that they knew the identical spots where these islands formed and broke away from the mainland, I determined to go there myself, detach a sufficient area of the floating material, and make an island suitable to the wants of my company. Upon reaching the place I was able, with the aid of a large force of natives, to carve out in a few months' time just the article I wished. When it was once detached and floating down the Amazon, I added in every way possible to the advantages nature offered. The groundwork of the island was surrounded and interwoven with steel cables, and braced with heavy beams, and in every way prepared to meet the strain of an ocean voyage.

It was at this point that we met our first obstacle. Our plan being, of course, absolutely new to that part of the world, it had not escaped the attention of the emperor of Brazil. There were rumors that he had complained bitterly to the American consul of what he was said to call a nefarious scheme of land-grabbing. As I had purchased the land of a gentleman in whose grant it lay, at a perfectly satisfactory price, however, I could not believe these reports, and was naturally much surprised when, on the trip down the Amazon, we were "hove to" by a Brazilian man-of-war in the lower waters of the great river. The representative of the emperor on board, a very polite man, spoke at length to me through an interpreter. He was extremely sorry to interrupt the progress of our enterprise, he said, but it was entirely contrary to the

policy of Brazil to allow such a precedent as this to be established by us. His majesty, he said, could never feel firm or really settled on his throne while his territory was being sliced off in this manner.

It was useless for me to assure him of the perfectly apparent fact that only a microscopic part of Brazil could be sliced off in this way, and that really the island was not mainland at all, but mostly roots. Soon I saw, of course, that he had a claim, and set to work immediately on the terms of an agreement, which, when presented, proved entirely satisfactory. According to this, I signed a contract to acknowledge my island — wherever situated — as a dependency of Brazil, and to pay taxes as such. To cover the whole matter, I also took out a navigator's license from Brazil, under which to sail the island, and agreed, wherever possible, to give the preference to Brazilian labor.

This business completed, we at once proceeded, without other happenings of note, to our first mooring-place, in the central Atlantic, being towed by a convoy of ocean steamers secured for the purpose. Our passage was a comparatively smooth one, and the island behaved even better than we had expected in the ocean. We stopped in a latitude agreed upon, as far as possible out of the course of the Atlantic liners, at a place where we anticipated the climate would be everything we desired. Here, according to agreement, we were to be met on the second of July by the party who were interested in the venture.

By this time, after months of incessant work, we had made the island ready for its occupants. In its fittings we were determined to have everything entirely novel. The buildings, equipped with every convenience of modern American civilization, were made of bamboo, somewhat after the Japanese style, which was perfectly adapted to the needs of such a climate, and at the same time most picturesque. At Trinidad we had stopped and laid an asphalt drive completely around our property for the benefit of the millionaires who wished to bring their horses, and we had also arranged a necessarily small, but at the same time most complete, porcelain beach for sea-bathing near the buildings. As to the servant question, that was most unexpectedly solved by the discovery, soon after we had started, that we had broken off from the

mainland of Brazil, together with the island, a number of natives of the country. At first we were at a loss what to do with them, but finally we decided to train them as domestics, and after some patient work we succeeded in making very passable ones out of them. They were good natured and fairly quick, and, dressed as they were, only in their breech-cloths, added much to the picturesqueness of the scene. In our search for novelties we even went so far as to secure an iceberg, towing it down from the upper Atlantic, to serve us for refrigerating purposes. We also fitted up, at great expense, a Lovers' Retreat, a Bridal Veil Falls, and a Sunset Rock, in the woods in the vicinity of the house, my experience as a hotel man teaching me that we must make these concessions to public sentiment at any cost.

For several months our life on this island was ideal. My patrons were more than delighted. Most of them came in their own steam yachts, and made our island the headquarters for little tours about the ocean, in much the same way as a man who keeps a span drives out from a hotel in the mountains. The place was christened the Celestial Island, being, as was remarked, about as near heaven as a millionaire could hope to get. The climate was delightful. We lay in the borders of the Gulf Stream, and after a certain time we got in the way of drifting about with the current according to the fancy of our patrons, our idea being to be borne along with the stream. Unfortunately, however, in this we miscalculated, by not reckoning on the influence of the wind, and thus, not having on board any ship's instruments, we drifted entirely out of the stream. One morning we were awakened by a great bumping and scraping, and upon investigation discovered, to our annoyance, that we were on a shoal of some kind. Fortunately the weather was very calm and there was no prospect whatever of a storm, so we did not alarm ourselves, figuring in a short time to draw off, with the assistance of the steam yachts on the floating end of the island. But in some way the rough bottom of the island had become fixed on ground, and our efforts seemed to accomplish nothing. This unforeseen delay proved disastrous to us.

One morning, on getting up earlier than the rest of the islanders, according to my custom, in order to inspect my property, I

was astonished to see a pompous official, in the uniform of the British navy, superintending the work of two able-bodied sailors, who were boring a hole in our front step with an augur. All the persons were entire strangers to me.

"Hey," I said, "what are you doing with my front steps?"

The fat man, after gazing at me disinterestedly for some time, remarked with grave emphasis, "I am about to raise the British flag over this island, and lay claim to it in the name of her sacred majesty, Queen Victoria."

"And who are you?" I gasped.

"I am, sir," he said, "Captain Hobkins, commanding her majesty's warship, the *Horrors*, which you see yonder."

I looked off shore and observed the *Horrors* lying about a quarter of a mile out from the shoals. A boat with its crew lay pounding up against my porcelain-lined bathing beach.

"This is an outrage!" I cried. "This island is mine; I have operated it for months under a sailing license from the emperor of Brazil."

"Your sailing license is nothing to me," said Captain Hobkins gruffly.

The sailors had finished their carpentering and were preparing to erect a temporary flag-staff. "You will at least admit," I said, "that I occupied the island before you did."

"That," said the invader, "has nothing whatever to do with the case. My action is merely formal. This island has been known and claimed by Great Britain for centuries."

Upon my exclaiming that this was impossible, as I had arrived only that week, —

"You are evidently a lunatic, sir," said Captain Hobkins calmly; "but whether you are or not, this island belongs to Great Britain. Its position was first pointed out by Drake and the early navigators, who did not, however, stop to formally lay claim to it. It was then lost sight of till the eighteenth century, when England made her first claim to it. This claim is indisputable. In her majesty's archives there are at least five different surveys, each showing that the island, though once claimed by the Spanish, is undoubtedly an English possession. In fact, there can be no doubt that the whole of the island is English soil, with the possible ex-

ception of sixteen rods on the eastern end, which was conceded by some of the earlier geographers to — "

The sentence was never finished. In the midst of it I had caught a glimpse of two sailors in the act of raising the British flag over my very doorstep, and had rushed upon them. The next moment I found myself under arrest — a prisoner of Great Britain, charged with insulting that country's flag. To the angry protests of myself and my guests that the Celestial Island was a floating island, my own private property, and so out of his country's jurisdiction, Captain Hobkins replied only that at the proper time my plea should be duly investigated. But, he added, until that was proven, the island would be placed under British rule, while I, as a prisoner of the crown, must be deported to England for trial.

Against his British impassivity arguments availed no more than birdshot against an ironclad. That night her majesty's ship, the *Horrors*, sailed for England with me as prisoner, leaving a lieutenant and a detail of men in charge of the island.

Upon our arrival I was at once thrown into prison, the efforts of the American consul counting for nothing in view of the heinousness of my offense. Nor did the united efforts of the consul, my lawyer, and myself better my condition when, three days later, I was summoned for trial.

In vain I recounted the fact that the island was a floating island, belonging to me by right of purchase, and that my mission there was one of peace and enjoyment. In vain the American consul, with convincing logic, argued that, in the first place, I was a free-born American citizen; that, in the second place, I was practically a subject of the emperor of Brazil; and that, in the third place, the progress of my cruise having been arrested by an act of Providence, in this case the Monroe doctrine would apply — or words to that effect. In vain my lawyer, in impassioned language, and with tears streaming from his eyes, referred his lordship to the various treaties between great powers, that guaranteed to innocent pleasure-seekers free and unmolested travel on the high seas. In vain he insisted that if, as alleged, the island had become stationary, Great Britain alone was to blame for permitting the existence of obstructions that would discourage navigation and imperil human life.

To all these the queen's council opposed one overwhelming fact: I had insulted the British flag, on an island situated in the exact latitude and longitude where Great Britain had, in former years, claimed a dependency.

I was, therefore, adjudged guilty of a crime on the high seas against the crown, a crime whose maximum penalty was death at the masthead, and whose minimum punishment was confiscation of all property and imprisonment for five years. And it was only the fact that at this point the case was reopened by new and important testimony that saved me from languishing in a British jail — or from worse. For just as the judge was about to pronounce his sentence, there rushed into the room a crowd of haggard, excited men, who proved to be my guests of the Celestial Island, and who now testified that the case against me no longer held, as that island had disappeared!

From the testimony of their spokesman it was learned that two days after my departure the island had been visited by a distinguished New York statesman, Mr. Dennis McTammany, who, while cruising in his private yacht, had been attracted by the sight of the British flag. It appeared also that upon hearing their story Mr. McTammany had become greatly incensed, and had shown so strong a desire to take up his residence with them that he was assigned to a state apartment in the hotel. Further, it was related that upon the next morning the inhabitants of the island had been awakened by a terrific explosion, and upon rushing out had found that their cherished resort, with all its improvements, had been rent asunder as though by some mighty earthquake and was rapidly sinking. Indeed, they had barely escaped to their craft when what remained of the Celestial Island disappeared beneath the sea.

Realizing the tremendous bearing of this catastrophe upon my trial, they had made all haste to England, stopping only in an attempt to rescue two of their refugees from the iceberg which had been domesticated as one of the attractions of our lost paradise. From these unfortunates, who proved to be no other than one of the South American natives and the Honorable Dennis McTammany, they had learned that it was Mr. McTammany's attempt to remove the Celestial Island from British jurisdiction, by blowing it off the

rocks with dynamite, which had brought on the appalling catastrophe. What had become of the statesman they could not report, however, for their offer to take him aboard had been sharply declined by this distinguished gentleman, who declared that he preferred even a floating iceberg to the hospitality of the British crown; delicately intimating that he was not unprepared for the future, since one of the natives who had taken refuge on the iceberg had already died of congestion of the lungs, and had been put on ice by him with a view to certain emergencies.

At this stage, proceedings were interrupted by the arrival on the scene — pale and emaciated, but still bearing the tattered remnants of his country's flag — of the official left by Captain Hobkins in charge of the Celestial Island. Only through his corroborative, home-made testimony that the island had been blotted out of existence did I obtain my release, which, however, was not granted until his lordship had declared that if ever the island, or any part of it, should reappear in British waters, such reappearance would be adjudged as evidence of my guilt, and that I should be liable to immediate arrest for treasonable conduct on the high seas.

These are the facts of my connection with the Celestial Island. And it is because I live uncertain as to when, or where, or how that fatal fragment of South American soil may come to light again, that I never go to sleep without the roar of the British lion sounding in my ears.

My Invisible Friend.

BY KATHARINE KIP.

HEN I first went to Mrs. Barker's boarding-house on Oak Street, I was greatly attracted by and interested in one boarder among the twelve. This was William Elliott, a tall, broad-shouldered man about thirty-five years old. During the day he was a bank cashier, while in his leisure hours he was an earnest and enthusiastic student of chemistry.

I had a hall bedroom on the fourth floor, while he occupied the large room next it, and had a good-sized closet fitted up as a laboratory.

Several nights during the late spring, when I had left my door open to create a draught, I had been forced to close it again because of the horrible odors from his vile chemicals that filled the hall. Once or twice I knocked on his door and complained, whereupon he immediately ceased his experiments for the evening. He told me, however, that the study was so fascinating that it was never out of his thoughts for an instant, and that his dream was to spend his whole life in the pursuit of it.

After awhile we became great friends, and soon it became my regular habit to go into his room each evening, and to sit there talking with him, or reading while he worked.

One night, about three months after the adoption of this program, Elliott was in a mood of unusual expansiveness. Instead of setting about work immediately in his laboratory, he drew up a chair near mine, sat down facing me, and looking at me seriously, said: —

"Look here, Emerson; I've taken a fancy to you, and I've a good mind to tell you what I'm trying for in all these experiments. You'll probably think me mad or a fool, but here goes: —

"You know what wonderful things can be done with the

Roëntgen rays? And you know they claim to be able to make glasses, by wearing which a surgeon can literally 'see through' his patients!

"Well, I say that somewhere in Nature, only waiting to be discovered, there is a certain something, by enveloping the human body in which, rays of light can pass directly through without obstacle; and which will therefore render the body absolutely invisible!"

He looked at me eagerly, his eyes bright, his face glowing.

"It sounds plausible," I said, but without enthusiasm, for the truth was that I had no idea what he meant, and regarded his schemes as little more than child's play.

"'It is not only plausible, it is *so*,'" he answered, excitedly. "There is not in my mind the slightest doubt of the existence of that something, whatever it may prove to be. Its parts are about us somewhere — perhaps near at hand, only waiting for the right man to bring them together. And I intend to be that man! I know that it sounds like the wildest nonsense, the height of conceited assurance, to say so; — and yet, why *not* I?"

I hastened to assure him that there was no reason why he might not be the man, and I certainly meant it. I thought that he had just as good a chance as any other, but secretly I believed that no one could ever find that ridiculous "something."

Elliott talked to me of his work, his hopes, and struggles; and explained minutely many of his experiments, which were as Greek to me. It was midnight when I left his room.

"It's an expensive study," he said at last, with a half sigh. "My salary as cashier is a good one; and yet, here I am, on the top floor of a cheap boarding-house. I deny myself every luxury and many comforts, to buy the apparatus that I need, as well as the necessary books and pamphlets."

The next day I went away on my vacation, and three weeks passed before I returned to the boarding-house.

I had, however, received a postal from Elliott, two weeks after my departure, saying merely: —

"*Dear Emerson:* Am on the right track at last, I am sure.

"ELLIOTT."

I arrived at the house just at dinner-time, and, going directly

into the dining room, took my old seat at the table. Elliott came in a moment later and sat down opposite me. I was shocked at the change for the worse in his appearance. He looked thin, worn, and exhausted, while his eyes burned feverishly; but when he saw me his face brightened and he greeted me cordially.

He ate hardly anything, and, after taking a cup of black coffee, rose from the table.

"Come up to my den this evening, Emerson," he said as he passed out.

"Don't you think that Mr. Elliott looks terribly?" asked Mrs. Marvin, a pretty blonde. "The hot weather seems to have used him up completely; and I am sure he never sleeps, for he walks his room all night long. Mr. Marvin and I had the room under his, but we exchanged with Mr. Coleman and Mr. Gaines, and now are on the second floor. It really annoyed me so — the walking, you know — that I couldn't sleep."

I agreed with her that Elliott was looking badly, and secretly thought that the excitement of the chase bade fair to kill him, whether he were successful or not. Another half hour and I knocked at his door.

"Come in," he replied, in a high, strained voice. I opened the door and looked about me in surprise.

All the furniture had been pushed as far back in a corner as possible, while the center of the room was occupied by a small stone to which was fastened a long string.

"Shut the door!" he exclaimed. His cheeks burned with a hectic flush, and he glanced from me to the string, and back again. "Sit down — there, on the edge of the bed. That's it! Now look at this string. Do you see anything queer about it?"

I looked, and saw that it was jerked or blown about as if by the wind; and yet the doors and windows were closed. Then I thought my eyes must deceive me, for the string was pulled taut, *and jerked the stone about an inch!*

"Wh-what experiment is this, in Heaven's name?" I cried in amazement.

Elliott smiled triumphantly. "What do you see?" he asked.

"See? I *think* I see a string jerking a stone," I replied.

"Ah!" It was an exclamation of relief and delight.

He took a saucer from the mantelpiece, filled it with milk from a pitcher, and holding it in one hand, said: —

"There happens to be a *cat* on the end of that string, my dear fellow, as I will demonstrate to you."

At that a disagreeable suspicion stirred in my mind. A chill crept along my spine, and my eyes turned toward the door.

"Don't be afraid, I'm not dangerous," he said, looking at me and smiling, as he placed the saucer on the floor. *The string moved toward it;* and I swear I saw the ripples on that milk, and watched it gradually disappear, while at the same time I heard a distinct purring sound!

The strain on my nerves was a little too severe, and I burst into a hoarse laugh.

"Ha, ha, ha! — forgive me, but it seems too ridiculous, — a phantom cat drinking milk!"

Elliott smiled abstractedly, but I don't think that he had heard a word that I said.

"Do you know what this means?" he asked, in a low voice. "It means a discovery as great as any that has ever been made. It means — Great Heavens, man! you don't know what it means, — that one could live his life in a crowded building, mix with hundreds of men, jostle them in the streets, eat with them, sleep with them, *murder* them, and never be seen by human vision!"

Elliott's eyes glittered, he trembled all over, and breathed heavily. He began a rapid march up and down the room, while he continued to enlighten me as to the wonderful effect this discovery would have, in case it proved as successful with human beings as it had with the invisible feline. I occupied as small a space as possible, for, in spite of his reassuring words of a short time before, I was afraid of him. I also tried to look enthusiastic and encouraging, but the effort was probably vain, for he suddenly stopped in his walk and said: —

"Here! get down and feel where that cat is."

I obeyed with alacrity, although I expected to find nothing, and was rewarded, as my fingers closed on something soft and furry, by hearing a maddened "*miaouw*," and by receiving a most realistic scratch from invisible claws.

"Damn it!" I exclaimed vigorously; and somehow, after that,

the ghostly aspect of the whole affair was lost to me. "What on earth possessed you to tie the cat with a string?" I asked, nursing my injured hand.

"My dear fellow, will you tell me how I could locate her otherwise? You can't see the cat, which is carefully covered with — with the result of my experiments; and you *can* see the string, which has not been treated."

I stared at him in amazement. Somehow that simple idea had not occurred to me.

"Why, then you *really* would be as invisible as air!" I exclaimed fatuously.

"Didn't I say so? Heavens, shall I take the stone to pound the idea into your head?" — in a vexed tone.

"No; I'll dispense with that crowning argument. You must remember that while you have had months to grow used to the idea, *I* have had it sprung on me with comparative suddenness. And it *is* a hard thing to credit! Even now — "

"Wait a minute!" he interrupted, his good humor restored. "I'll convince you." He stepped to the laboratory and brought out a small dish filled with a lead-colored liquid. He pulled the string toward him, and his fingers closed on the air, as far as I could see. He held his hand over the dish and thrust it downward. There was a wild mewing and spitting, a grand splash, and then — I saw before me a cat, wet and bedraggled, and with the string tied around her neck!

"And now," he said, after enjoying my astonishment for a while; "you can dig out, old fellow, and I'll get some sleep. I'll let you know when I'm ready for the next test. I want to try it on *myself* next, and it will take two weeks of hard work to make the necessary quantity."

I am not ashamed now to confess that, after that night's experience, when the great nature of the discovery had gradually dawned on me, I grew as nervous as any old woman. I started at the slightest sound; I never sat with my back to a door, and was never really satisfied unless I had Elliott within range of my vision. I saw him only at the table, for he told me that until two weeks had elapsed, and he had prepared for the great test, he didn't want me in his room.

I placed no reliance on what he had said, however, about the length of time required to prepare for it, but feared that he might at any time anoint himself with the mysterious compound and take me by surprise. For I was the only human being who knew of the discovery, and my terror showed to me, though my mind tried to deny, how thoroughly I believed in it.

Each night, after going to my room, I locked and bolted the door, and then gave the small room a thorough search. I poked under the bed and in the wardrobe with a cane; I stood in the middle of the floor and jabbed all around, quickly and scientifically. I had complained before because the place was so tiny; now it seemed too large for me.

I understood thoroughly and sympathized with the nervous fears of those who believe in ghosts; and how much more reason had I to dread a "ha'nt" who, thin as he was, must weigh one hundred and seventy pounds, and who was possessed of the strength of a man mastered by one idea.

But one night, after two weeks of anxiety, Elliott stopped me in the hall after dinner, and said: —

"Come to my room to-night at nine. I'm ready for the great test."

The man looked positively wild. There were great hollows around his eyes, his cheeks were sunken, his hands like claws. I verily believe he had scarcely slept or eaten in a fortnight. He had, however, consumed enormous quantities of black coffee.

Well, I sat with Coleman and Gaines in their room until nine o'clock. Overhead I could hear Elliott's steady, rapid walk.

"Just hear that!" exclaimed Gaines. "I believe the fellow's cracked. Luckily Coleman and I have steady nerves, or that noise, kept up night after night, would drive us crazy."

At nine I left them and knocked at his door. He opened it quickly, then closed and locked it after me.

Everywhere was dust and disorder. The bed had been removed and had been replaced by a couch, over which was thrown a rug.

He waved his hand toward it. "Don't need a maid to make it up each morning," he said briefly. "Can't have a woman fooling around and upsetting things."

On a table near the couch was an immense glass jar, such as

grocers use in their shop windows to display samples of preserves. It was about a foot in diameter and over two feet in height, and was tightly sealed. It was a faint yellow in color, but I could not then decide whether it was colored by the contents or not. Beside the table on the floor was a large porcelain tub, filled with the lead-colored liquid that I had seen before.

"There is my discovery," Elliott said, in a hushed voice, pointing to the jar. "And that," indicating the liquid in the tub, "you have seen before."

"To-morrow, if all goes well, the whole world will know of the great discovery. Think what it will mean! A man might travel the world over, unseen, unknown. He could penetrate the secrets of all lives. I dread to let the world share the knowledge with me, and yet it is too great to hide!"

Then, abruptly: "To-night I propose to make myself as invisible as that cat was. And I have asked you to be here, in case anything should go wrong, and I were to need help."

I sat spellbound in my chair, without the strength to speak. Elliott advanced to the table. He moistened his lips nervously, and his hands shook so that he could hardly grasp the jar. I saw, however, by the way he lifted it, that it was very light.

"My nerve is almost gone," he said, with a haggard smile. "Now I'll prepare myself in the laboratory, — while you wait here."

I sat there as he had directed, scarcely moving. My eyes were glued to the closed door of the laboratory. I could feel the hair rising on my scalp, and the chills running up and down my spine.

At last — whether in ten minutes or an hour, I do not know — the door was flung open. With a hoarse cry, I started to my feet, and retreated to the wall, holding my hands out to ward off — what? For, although a light burned in the laboratory, and I could see plainly around the little room, there was no one there!

"Quick! tell me, Emerson," exclaimed Elliott's strained voice *somewhere* in the room near me, "can you *see* me? Great Heavens, — you know what it means to me, man! Can't you speak — are you dumb?" The voice sounded nearer and threatening.

"No — no!" I fairly yelled, finding my voice suddenly, "I see no one. For God's sake, don't touch me, or I'll go mad."

A moment's pause, then the voice relaxed, and gently, and with a little happy laugh, murmured: —

"Don't be childish, Emerson! You know I'm *here*, don't you? Not only in voice, but in flesh. Why should you 'go mad' over your inability to see me, any more than because you can't see a friend when you can hear him through a telephone?"

Though a trifle reassured, I still shook with dread, and Elliott said good-humoredly: —

"Come here! Oh, I forgot," — with a really boyish laugh, — "you don't know where 'here' is! Well, I warn you. I'm coming to you, and to shake your hand," and I heard footsteps cross the floor, and felt the hearty grasp of his hand on mine.

"There — run your hand up my arm! It has the regular 'feel' of flesh, hasn't it?"

I admitted that it had. "And you really can see *no one?* Every article of furniture is as plain as if you were alone? Now I am between you and the laboratory door. How is it?"

"I see the laboratory, the light in it, the empty jar, and everything else, distinctly."

"Good! — but I *knew* that I must succeed!" and there was fairly a sob in his voice. Then, with a quick change, he asked gaily: —

"What do you think I intend to do now? I will enjoy myself like a schoolboy, for to-morrow I must be only a scientist. I will take a trip — go on a journey of exploration and adventure — through the house, and perhaps venture into the street."

"O Elliott, don't do that! — think of the risk! You've stood the test so far; just wash the stuff off now, go to bed and take some rest!"

"Nonsense!" — irritably. "As for risk, where is it? You're afraid of me, that's what's the matter!" This with a disagreeable laugh. "No, I intend to enjoy myself. The warm weather renders my lack of raiment very comfortable. Now, I'll say 'auf wiedersehen,' Emerson."

Unable to persuade him to abandon his plan, and, I admit, too cowardly, and too much overcome with the events of the past few

moments, to say more, I sat in my chair, stupid with fright. The key turned in the lock, the door opened and closed, and I heard on the stairway the familiar creak of the third stair from the top.

Elliott had really gone!

Then, indeed, I regained my senses. Bounding from my seat, I rushed to the door, flung it open, and leaned over the banisters. The gas in the hall was burning low. Inspired by fright, I turned it on at full head, then resumed my position of leaning over the railing. All was quiet in the halls below. Suddenly the light in the second hall went out. Elliott was there, then! Perhaps he intended to play some trick on Coleman and Gaines; — no, they now had the room under Elliott's, and the Marvins had the second floor front.

"Well, he'll find it out as soon as he opens the door; and *they* can't see *him*," I murmured, realizing more than ever the advantages of invisibility.

A streak of light in the darkness of the second hall appeared and vanished.

"Their door opening and shutting," I decided.

There was complete silence for about five minutes. Then I heard a woman's scream, followed, after a slight pause, by another, and another, two pistol-shots, and the slamming of a door. I was rooted to the spot with fright and horror. The whole place seemed whirling around me, and I grasped at the railing to steady myself.

At the sound of the first scream, a door on the third hall had opened, and Gaines and Coleman had rushed for the stairway. Before they could reach it, the pistol-shots rang out, the door in the second hall slammed; and as Gaines placed his hand on the stair rail he paused, staggered, and fell heavily against the wall. Coleman, too, fell back; and then — then I heard the well-known creak of the stair near me — and the door of Elliott's room closed softly, and I heard the key turn in the lock.

With that sound, I was seized with a dread of being alone on the same floor with the madman; for such I now had fully decided him to be. I fled precipitately down the stairs, and reached the second hall almost simultaneously with Coleman and Gaines. We burst into the Marvins' room together.

There was only a dim lamplight in the room. Mrs. Marvin lay back on a couch, unconscious. Over her, the revolver in his hand, and a look of frantic terror on his face, bent her husband. As we entered, he turned and looked wildly at us.

"Did you see any one — anything in the halls?" he demanded.

"No," answered Coleman and Gaines together. I merely shook my head.

"What was all the shooting about?" asked Coleman suspiciously, "and why did Mrs. Marvin scream? Is she *shot?*"

"Shot? No!" replied Mr. Marvin, who had by this time laid down the pistol. "I — I thought there was a burglar, and I shot," and he turned again to his wife and began chafing her hands.

By this time Mrs. Barker and the other boarders, all more or less in disarray, and all very much excited, were grouped about the door.

Mrs. Barker entered, and added her efforts to Mr. Marvin's, and in a few minutes we had the satisfaction of seeing Mrs. Marvin's eyes open.

Every one was clamoring for some explanation of the noise and the shots; and in a short time we were in possession of the story, to which I listened with feelings of guilt and shame.

"Just before the disturbance Mr. and Mrs. Marvin were sitting by a table reading. The gas was lighted in the central chandelier, and a lamp was burning on the table. The couple were sitting with their backs to the door, which was unlocked.

"Suddenly Mrs. Marvin was startled by hearing the door open. She turned just in time to see it close again, and noticed that the hall was dark.

"'Frank,' she exclaimed, 'some one opened the door and closed it again!'

"'Nonsense — the draught,' he replied, and continued to read.

"In another instant she noticed the light growing dim, and looking up saw that the gaslight was going out. At the same time she *felt* the presence of some stranger in the room, though she could see no one. She uttered an exclamation of alarm.

"'My dear Alice, what is it?' asked Mr. Marvin resignedly. (He was deeply interested in his book.)

"'Frank, the gas is going out — has *gone* out; and I feel that there is some one in the room. O Frank! I am so frightened — oh!" She stepped quickly toward her husband, and it was then that she uttered that first scream; for as she moved, she came into contact with some one — or something — although there was seemingly no one there.

"'By Heaven, there is something!' exclaimed her husband, as he, too, encountered the mysterious presence.

"Scream after scream issued from Mrs. Marvin's lips, and Mr. Marvin, utterly losing his head, rushed to the bureau, took out his revolver, and fired twice; as much to alarm the house, in his insane terror, as with the hope of hitting — hitting what? With a bewildered air, he acknowledged that he had seen no one.

"'And yet,' he said, 'when I fired the first shot, the door opened again, and I just had time to fire the second shot at the opening before it closed.'"

That ended Marvin's story. Marvin, himself, acted as if he did not expect to be believed. His listeners, for the most part, evidently thought that he had been under the influence of liquor. Mrs. Barker sniffed contemptuously, and said she only *hoped* the pistol-shots hadn't damaged the woodwork. One man even said consolingly: —

"You'll sleep it off, old fellow," while Mrs. Marvin wept hysterically.

But Coleman said slowly: —

"Well, it's deuced queer; but when I heard Mrs. Marvin scream, and started for the stairs, I had just reached them, when I got an awful shove that knocked me clean over against the wall. Yet I'll take my oath no one was there. And I hadn't had a drop to drink, either," with a fierce glare around.

Gaines listened open-mouthed.

"That was my experience to a T," he exclaimed. "I thought sure I 'had 'em.' Now *what* was it? I say, Emerson, did *you* see any one, or hear any one?"

"N-no," I replied articulating with difficulty, "n-nothing."

"Well, you've got a good case of rattles, anyhow," he said, laughing.

A few minutes more and the group had separated, Mrs. Mar-

vin, tearful and still badly frightened, vowing that she would sit up all night and leave in the morning; Marvin, pale and shaken, but a trifle shame-faced; Coleman and Gaines puzzled and a little angry; Mrs. Barker and others openly contemptuous; and the colored servants whispering of "ha'nts" and looking almost pale with fright.

I climbed slowly up to my room. No one had noticed Elliott's absence. I was thankful for that. I felt somehow like a fellow-conspirator. Should I go in and speak to him — ask him for his explanations of the affair, though I was sure how it had all happened?

No. I decided that what I needed was rest from Elliott! So I went cautiously into my own room, fearing to hear him call me. All was silent, however, and after going through my usual routine of search, I prepared for bed and was soon sound asleep.

The next morning, as I was dressing and reviewing the events of the evening before, the thought occurred to me for the first time that Elliott might have been wounded by one of those shots fired by Marvin. At this idea, I hurriedly opened my door and pounded on Elliott's. There was no reply.

"I knocked and knocked, Mr. Emerson," said the chambermaid, who was passing, "and I couldn't wake him."

"Go down and ask Mr. Coleman if he's heard Mr. Elliott walking around this morning."

In a moment she was back.

"No, sir."

"I — I'm certain he's ill," I said. My mind was dwelling on those shots. "Go and tell Mrs. Barker that we must force the door. Get James." James was the man-of-all-work.

Mrs. Barker came hurrying up, looking pale and worried.

"James is coming right up," she said; "but do you really think it's best to force the door?"

"I think Mr. Elliott must be ill. We can't make him answer, and delay is dangerous, you know."

"Yes, I know. It never rains but it pours, sir; and what with Mr. and Mrs. Marvin going at daybreak, and now *this!* I don't know what to do," and her eyes filled with tears.

James appeared at that moment, and the group was further

swelled by Coleman. James put his shoulder to the door, and quickly forced it open.

As it swung in we all started back in horror, for there, lying half in and half out of the porcelain tub, was the body of Elliott! His head was leaning back against the couch, his face was distorted, his hands clenched.

The physician who was hastily summoned said that life had been extinct for many hours.

"Chronic heart disease," he said. "The attack was probably brought on by some great excitement."

So it was not a bullet wound, after all! And I had a very decided idea as to what the "great excitement" was that had brought on the fatal attack of heart trouble. I did not make that idea public, however, and Coleman's theory, which differed very materially from mine, was generally accepted as true.

"It was the noise of all that screaming and of those shots that brought on the attack," said he. And it certainly sounded plausible enough.

No trace of the great discovery was left. I did venture to tell the relative who inherited all of Elliott's belongings that I had reason to believe that his cousin had made a very important discovery just before he died. I therefore urged upon him the advisability of having his papers examined by a competent person. But I learned that only a few disconnected notes, of no value whatsoever, had been found.

However, what one man has done another can do. And I confidently expect, and at no very distant time, to learn that Elliott's experiment has been made again, and has succeeded.

Pendarvis, the Cracker.

BY ALLEN CHAMBERLAIN.

OE PENDARVIS was a Florida Cracker born and reared, and himself in turn rearing others of his kind, in one of the most thrifty orange districts of his State. Outwardly and in his manner of living he did not differ materially from any of his kin, but he figures here on account of his childlike submission to the workings of a law which he was unable to understand, and therefore was unable to wilfully sin against.

Now the Cracker is a singular creature, as singular in his character or the lack of it as in his tribal name. If you ask a Southerner what a Cracker is, he looks aghast at your ignorance, then smiles and begins confidently to explain, but presently brings up all helpless in a fit of stammering and stuttering, finally announcing in despair, "Why, he's a Cracker!" While no one knows where these "po' whites" acquired their name, it is conjectured that their long-legged gauntness may have suggested the heron known as a "corn crake," and that this may by corruption have evolved itself into Cracker. In some localities in the South this species of humanity bears the name of Sand-hiller, which again may be derived from his similarity to the sand-hill crane. At all events, the Cracker is a curious creature, utterly incapable of applying himself to any steady labor, and wholly proof against improvement through contact with others. He is a Cracker first and last, and as long as his race endures. His ideas of right and wrong are traditionally erratic, and when found guilty by other men's standards he regards himself as greatly abused, and in no sense bound to respect any code not applied with force.

Pendarvis, or Pen, as he was familiarly known throughout that section, was beginning to tilt his see-saw of life the other way at the time of which I shall speak. After many years of far too

much work (according to Cracker standards), made necessary by the hearty appetites of his ever-increasing family, he was beginning to sigh for some windfall of fortune which should allow him to hire a nigger and buy a mule, when, one day, a Northern man came along and began to set out a grove on land adjoining his own patch. Through this stranger Pen came into part of his long-dreamed-of windfall, for while he was not able to hire a hand to do his own work, he at least found ample excuse for letting the weeds grow at home, while for dollars he helped the Northerner work on the new plantation. Time thus wore on in a happy and sunny Southern manner, until the young trees arrived at a stage where they could be safely left to stand alone for a time. Then one day the newcomer went North to bring his family back.

This was bad news for the Cracker. With rueful looks he regarded the rankness of his own kitchen patch, and bethought himself of the daily naggings he would have to undergo from his "old woman" until he should begin work there. Some weeks later, while Pen was engaged in his regular interval of hoe-handle napping, he chanced to think that it was almost time for "that Yankee" to return. From where he stood he could see that the young trees in his neighbor's orchard looked thrifty and handsome, but began to show the need of a little attention. Pen knew exactly what ought to be done for their relief, and calculated how many days could be spent over there, and just how many days of luxurious idleness would follow on the proceeds. Although it was still two hours before sundown and he had plenty of work to do on his little patch, Pen shouldered his hoe and strolled leisurely up to his front porch. There in the cool shade, tilted back in his rickety chair, he thought once more of his coming bliss.

"That Yankee's tarnal slow," mused Pen aloud, about a week later. Since that afternoon of contemplation he had passed most of his time in similar speculations as to his approaching wealth. It was but a few days later that Pen heard of a man who was inquiring for healthy young trees at two dollars apiece, and after that the Cracker's mind knew no peace until he remarked to his wife next day that he reckoned their neighbor "warn't comin' back no mo'. A pity, tew, ter leave them hunsum trees ter ther bugs and lice," he continued. Poor Pen had lain awake all night

thinking about those trees at two dollars apiece, and his crude calculations of the proceeds of two or three hundred trees at that price had furnished him with visions of a sum of money sufficiently large to keep his family and himself in luxurious idleness for an incalculable period. A year, at least, in which to bask in the sun and feast on hog fat and hominy! Who could resist so tempting a vision? Pen hadn't the power; and besides, it seemed to him such a pity that those trees should be wasted.

His wife had never seen Pen so eager to get to work as he was that morning. He could not even wait to fill his after-breakfast pipe before setting out, but shredded his leaf as he trudged almost briskly away. Whatever conscience he may have had he had succeeded in stilling during his night of council with himself. What harm could there be in saving those fine young trees from certain destruction? Were they not abandoned, and to him as much as to anybody else? If he did not gather the harvest, another surely would. What could a man who had never been nearer than fifty miles to the county seat, with its court and jail, know about the finer points of proprietary rights?

It took Pen but a few days to remove the trees, which were quickly purchased and no questions asked. But when the long-dreamed-of prize was almost within his grasp, when his spade was in fact under the roots of the last tree, fate wheeled upon him, and he heard the voice of the Northerner behind him saying, in amazement, rather than anger, "Pendarvis, what *are* you doing?"

Pen's rights in those trees were at once relinquished in favor of their owner, and without a word. Having convinced himself, with one long, open-mouthed stare, that this was a man of flesh and blood, Pen, without deigning so much as a single word of reply, slouched off toward his cabin, leaving his spade behind.

Next morning, when the sheriff drew rein at the door and said simply, "Pen, they want you to go over to the county seat with me," the crestfallen man made no attempt at resistance. His case was soon disposed of by the court, and at the suggestion of the sheriff that he had always been a law-abiding citizen, and that his family was large, he was let off with only five years in the penitentiary. Pendarvis needed no manacles, but took his fate as calmly as he did his tobacco or his sleep; and as the penitentiary

was almost two hundred miles from this county seat, the sheriff, knowing his man, decided to take him home for the night.

The next day, as the sheriff had other and pressing business to attend to, he informed his prisoner that he had better go hunting for a day or two until there should be more leisure for the journey. But instead of two days, it was fully two months ere the sheriff found an opportunity to move his man. During all this time Pen had lived with the sheriff, split his wood, run his errands, and kept his table supplied with fish and game. Indeed, Pen began to think that his luck had not gone so much against him after all, when one morning the sheriff announced that he must be off at once to the next county to attend a trial, and that as it was on the road to the penitentiary, he would take Pendarvis along. Several days were passed at the trial, and Pen, unknown in a strange county, attended the sittings of the court as a spectator. When at length the trial closed, the sheriff found that it would be inconvenient for him to escort his prisoner farther toward the prison, so, giving Pen his own commitment papers and ten dollars for expenses, he started him off alone.

In due course of time — for it takes time for a Cracker to walk, and there being no railroad most of the way, Pen was obliged to go afoot — he turned up at the penitentiary. The warden was dumfounded but took him in and undertook to put him to work. Unfortunately, this officer did not know the Cracker nature as well as had the sheriff. Pen "allowed" that he was a prisoner but not a nigger, and simply refused to work. Neither threats nor promises had any effect. At last it occurred to the warden that a man who could be trusted to walk two hundred miles and surrender himself with his commitment papers at a prison, simply because he was told to do so, must be a trustworthy person, and he thereupon appointed Pen warden's messenger. During his term Pen served his State on many important errands, bearing messages to neighboring county seats, and often making journeys which kept him away for several days at a stretch. But, like a faithful hound, he never failed to return, and when at length his term was up, the warden, forsooth, was forced to kick him out. Why should a Cracker wish to leave this delightfully lazy, irresponsible life for one of toil and hardship?

"Le Bretagne."

BY W. A. FRASER.

IT was two o'clock when *Le Bretagne* spread her white sails and crept out toward the eastern sky. It was six when the gray wall of the sea rose and blotted out the ship as though she had gone to the bottom.

Then the dark figure which had been outlined against the crimson of the big, red setting sun turned wearily and crept over the sands towards Arichat — it was Marie, returning to her newly widowed home.

"Leon said he would come at the time of Christmas, so why should I fear?" she kept muttering, "and Leon will keep his word in life or death. 'Even if I'm dead, Marie,' he said, joking me, 'I will come to thee at Christmas.'"

On the farther side of L'Isle Madam the sea was moaning as Marie reached her cottage.

One month had gone — one month of the loveliest weather — ideal weather for the fishing, the old wives said, only they used a stronger word than "ideal" to express their satisfaction.

It was just thirty-four days since the gray wall of water had risen between Marie and her Leon. There was no mistaking the day, for she had just drawn a line through the date, the nineteenth of October. Not for a moment had Marie slumbered that night. The sea had gone to rest with a sigh, a sigh of utter weariness, as though the wind had called it to battle to the death; only the sea heard the challenge, the sea and Marie — she knew.

The calm that rested over everything was awful; it was as though all life had gone out of the world. And so it was when the green sky that was in the west changed to blood red: still not a breath of air. Toward noon the glassy water grew dark, where little puffs of wind ruffled its surface.

These light winds came from the west; but away down in the

southeast, queer, torn-looking clouds were rising above the dead horizon line. The sea seemed heaped up there as though a great pressure behind were driving the whole ocean landward.

The clouds seemed to hang as though there was no wind moving them. Old sailors shaded their eyes with their hands, and looked off to the south and east, seaward, and shook their heads; there was a restless feeling over everything.

By night the clouds had risen like a wall, stretching from the south to the northeast, but still it was clear overhead; no clouds, only a murky, yellow haze.

Fitful blasts of wind came tearing through the quaint old fishing town of Arichat, making signs and shutters tremble and creak for an instant, and then silence, — that dreadful silence that seemed to still the very beating of one's heart.

That night Marie prayed as though she were pleading for her soul: "O Holy Mother, plead for me, even as thou hadst a Son," and then the hot flood of tears fell fast, blinding and scorching, and choking the full heart. Words were vain; long she knelt beside her humble cot, and over and over pleaded in the same words, "Save my Leon." The promise of low masses to be said were made, with scarcely a knowledge of what she was uttering, the cry, "Save my Leon," driving all else before it.

And outside, as she knelt, the wind moaned at the casement, and the gusts were coming faster and stronger now. The moon, which had looked down like a baleful ball of fire through the murky yellow of the upper sky, had been swallowed up in a vault black as ink.

With a great sob Marie rose, and looked from her door across the waste of heaving waters. 'Twas just across there that Leon had gone, his jaunty craft careening gracefully as the fresh breeze sped her on her way; to-night only the fitful gleam of a phosphorescent-capped wave was seen as it rose above its fellows for a moment, and then was lost in that awful gloom.

"Why should I fear?" Marie was trying to persuade herself; "Leon must be far away now, out of reach of this coming storm" — and then a sob would choke her, and only "Holy Mother, plead for me and my Leon," would give her peace.

In the morning the eastern shore of L'Isle Madam was shrouded

in seething spray. The breakers were thundering at her guarding rocks. By night the world was spray covered — the world of L'Isle Madam. The sky and the earth and the sea were one. And still from the southeast the storm drove, and all that night.

And in the morning of the second day the crash of breaking timbers mingled with the boom of the mighty waves as they dashed against the granite walls.

People were hurrying towards the surf-beaten shore. Her long hair tossing in the maddened breeze, Marie rushed after them; in her heart the cry that had been there for so many hours, "Holy Mother, save my Leon!"

"Yes, yes; it's *Le Bretagne*," an old man was saying, slowly lowering his glass as Marie came up to the group of people who were straining their eyes seaward. "Her anchors are out," he continued, "but she cannot live in such a gale under that strain, and if she parts her cable she will go to pieces on the rocks."

His words were scarcely audible above the shrieking of the wind; but Marie heard, and there, among those rough fishermen, she knelt and prayed, over and over again, out of the choking fulness of her heart, "Holy Mother, save my Leon." The awful solemnity of the scene touched their rough hearts, and hats were doffed, and heads bowed, as the young wife prayed to her God in that living gale.

And then, as if in mockery of all things human, a mighty wave, mightier than any of its fellows, and following in the wake of two scarcely less mighty, broke over the *Bretagne*, and buried her beneath its many tons of foam-lashed water. The vessel swayed, trembled, and disappeared before their very eyes.

Two men were holding Marie now. "I will go to him! He is calling me!" she shrieked. "O God! will no one save him?"

The bronzed faces of the fisher-folk were turned away each from the other. The salt spray was on their beards, but in their eyes was that of which they were ashamed.

Then they led her back to the house, the little house that Leon had taken her to only a few weeks ago. And two of them watched into the gray of the morning, for 'neath oil skins the fishers' hearts are warm.

That was the third night, and still she slept not. The storm

was dying now, and moaning, together they passed away — the fury of grief and the rage of the storm. And for that day, and for many days the great grief had broken her mind.

Storm and sunshine, day in and day out, she sat down on the beach, and questioned the passers as to how many days to Christmas till her Leon would come home; for had he not said that he would come at Christmas, at the glad time of the year, and was not his word as the law among the fisher-folk, it was so true? And did she not pray every night to the Holy Mother to intercede for her, and bring her Leon home? And the masses that had been said for Leon, were they not to bring him home, too?

Poor little Marie, her mind, which was like unto a child's, could not understand that the mass which Father Dupré had said, had been to take him to that other home; for the good Father had said mass for the repose of the souls of the men lying out there in *Le Bretagne*.

And then a wonderful thing happened. Many days after, at the time of Christmas, again the cry of *Le Bretagne* rang through the streets of Arichat; and again was there much of horror in the cry, for though the sea was calm now, there was *Le Bretagne* slowly sailing into port; and was not *Le Bretagne* at the bottom of the sea, and all hands drowned?

Small wonder that the browned faces were blanched now, as the fisher-folk lined up on the sand, as they had on that day two moons before.

"What sorcery is this?" they asked each other. It was *Le Bretagne;* they know her as they knew their own houses. Spirit hands were sailing her, for on her decks no one moved.

A solemn hush settled down upon them; few spoke, and when they did it was with bated breath. What evil was this? for good it could not be.

'Twas Marie who had first seen the ship. Had her prayers worked this magic?

Nearer and nearer the dread ship came, until but a short way out from the shore she stopped, and swung to an anchor. Invisible hands had anchored her, for there was the cable right enough, running out from her bow, as she lifted lazily to the long ground swell.

"Take me to my Leon," Marie pleaded of the awe-struck fishermen, "he is calling me. Do you not see that his boats are washed away?"

Shamed by the presence of the women, four stout fishermen brought up a boat, and, taking Marie with them, rowed off to the ship that was like a phantom.

"Stay with us, *ma petite amie*," the fisherwomen pleaded with Marie. As well had they striven to check the ways of the wind.

How silent the ship was as the boat glided under her stern! Not a sound, not a voice; no movement, only the lap, lap, lap of the waters against her wooden sides.

The men crossed themselves as Dumont, the bravest fisherman in all Arichat, rose up, and, with blanched cheeks, caught his boat hook in *Le Bretagne's* rail.

How low she was in the water; as they stood up in their boat they could see across her deck — not across did they see, for half way they saw something — something which caused them to shudder, and beg of little Marie to stop in the boat.

But Marie had risen and seen, too, and with a cry that rang in the ears of those four men until their dying day, she sprang up the side of the ship, and stood on the slippery, slimy deck.

Her Leon was there, lashed to the mast. She threw herself upon his poor bloated form.

The four understood. Dumont looked down an open hatch: "Her salt is gone!" he exclaimed.

That brief sentence explained it all. She had gone to the fisheries loaded with salt. When the water had washed all the salt out of her hold, being a wooden ship, she had floated, dragging her one remaining anchor until it had caught in the good-holding ground near the shore.

Gently they lifted Marie away from her dead lover.

Christmas had come to Marie. The Holy Mother had heard her prayer, and she was with Leon.

And every Christmas since, in Arichat, a mass is said for the repose of the soul of little Marie, and the lover who rose from the sea to come to her, even in death.

Carmen Gutierrez.

BY EDWARD SYLVESTRE.

THE recent death of a prominent railroad manager renders possible the publication of the following incident belonging to the Cuban Revolution of twenty odd years ago.

Robert Deering and I were classmates at college, and friends. We were graduated about two years before the opening of our own War of Secession, and our employment as subordinate engineers on one of the new railroad lines then building between the East and West, together with a congeniality of tastes, still more strongly cemented our friendship.

When the war broke out we separated, each to join the command raised by his State for the Confederate armies; and as he served with Beauregard at Charleston, and then with Jackson and Lee in Virginia, while my own services were with the armies of the West we met but once during the entire conflict. It so chanced, however, that towards the close of the war he drifted westward, and we both finally surrendered in the Department of the Trans-Mississippi, and together gave our parole not again to take up arms against the Government of the United States.

We were carried, free of expense, to New Orleans, and there turned loose on the levee to begin life anew. Fortunately, beyond a few hurts that neither maimed nor disfigured us, we were both sound and whole; for our combined financial resources were sixty-five cents in silver, the bulk of which we invested in paper collars and a shave. We then held a little council of war of our own, and Robert announced his intention of going out to the West Indies to visit some distant relatives, to whom he had already written, intimating, as he put it, "that if they wanted the pleasure of seeing their American relative, they would have to provide the means of passage."

I tried to dissuade him, urging the insalubrity and heat of the climate; but he replied that it was not so hot there as it would be here for all who had been engaged in the Secession War.

To make a long story short, in course of time his invitation and remittance came. We parted, — he to go to Cuba, and I to gradually resume my old profession. A correspondence begun with the ardor of youth gradually waned, then died altogether, and when, several years later, I incidentally learned that Deering had returned to this country, it was not resumed. All our "emigrés" had returned, — Governor Harris and his associates from Mexico; others from Brazil, still others from Jamaica, and so on. It had been a general cry of "Home sheep" all around. After sampling the other countries of the world, the old Confederates had found out that, after all, the United States was home, and the country best loved by them. Deering had stayed a year or so longer than the rest, but he, too, had finally succumbed to the universal epidemic of patriotism and homesickness, and was now engaged in railway work in the Northwest, while I still continued in the South, where I had married and settled.

Years passed, and while I occasionally heard of, I never heard from my old-time friend until 1894. Then, one evening in the spring of that year, I returned from the office to find a telegram that read: —

"Meet me at Union Depot at ten thirty to-morrow morning.
"(Signed) ROBERT DEERING."

In an instant the years seemed to roll away by magic, and the old boy love for my comrade came back in full force. My wife, full of hospitality for the friends of my youth, joined heartily in plans for the entertainment of our coming guest.

He came; but the change was even greater than I had looked for. While really slightly my junior, he appeared many years older. This was partly due to ill health; but there were lines of care about his eyes and mouth that I did not like to see.

Deering remained with us a week, and was always genial and pleasant in his intercourse with my family, seeming particularly fond of the younger children. We had many a symposium, while sitting with pipes in hand, talking over scenes and incidents of

the past, long after the family had retired. At such times he seemed to forget his cares and disease, and became again the genial Robert I had known in boyhood.

One night I asked him why, with his marked fondness for children, he had never married. At this he suddenly became very grave, and after strict injunctions to faithfully guard his secret during his lifetime, which he even then knew would not be long, he recounted the following story, which I give as nearly as possible in his own words. Filling his pipe and lighting it, after smoking awhile in silence, he began: —

"I can best describe the incident which has caused me to remain unmarried by giving you a full account of my life in the West Indies.

"When, in 1865, I left New Orleans for Cuba, I was still full of hope and enthusiasm, notwithstanding our reverses here at home. I found the life delightful, and my Cuban kinspeople most kind. They were well-to-do sugar planters, and a sugar plantation in those days constituted a little village in itself, where the owner, like a feudal lord, administered, without outside interference, justice or injustice, as the case might be, to several hundred or a thousand slaves and other dependents. The family generally included, also, an English or American doctor, and a mechanical engineer of the same nationality. During the time of sugar making, the plantation was always well filled with guests from the city, and what with horseback rides in the early morning, books, conversation, and sleep in the heat of the day, and music and dancing at night, the life seemed Paradise after my four years of campaigning.

"The laborers were the 'slaves,' and they appeared a happy, careless lot. The poor white man of the country was usually a 'squatter' on some corner of the rich man's estate. He would set out a goodly number of plantain trees and a few tobacco plants around his humble thatched cottage, and, while he swung and smoked in his hammock, nature would provide him enough plantains to barter at the cross-roads grocery for such coffee, sugar, and 'tasap,' or jerked beef, as he might require. Once each month, however, there must be enough cash passed to buy a lottery ticket of small denomination; these, too, are kept on sale

everywhere. Should his ticket, by any chance, prove a lucky one, he immediately invests the proceeds: first, in a gorgeous hat of umbrella-like proportions; next, in a silver-mounted saddle and bridle, and then in a muchly bebuttoned suit for himself. Should there still be a surplus, some kind of a horse is secured. These men, and the now freed slaves, constitute the rank and file of the Cuban army of to-day. They are very kindly and hospitable, superstitious to a degree, and very humble and pliant in the hands of their superiors. Amidst these people it was my lot to live for many months, varied with occasional trips to the nearest seaport town. While on one of these trips, I was standing one day on the overhanging porch at the small hotel or 'posada,' watching one of the religious processions pass through the street below. On glancing aside, I perceived, next to me, her eyes intent on the pageant, a woman whose beauty fairly dazzled me. Unlike the women around her, she was fair-skinned and blue-eyed, so that at first I turned, with glad surprise, to address her as one of my own countrywomen; but her Cuban costume, and the way that she handled her fan, left no doubt of her Spanish origin.

"Well, it was a case of love at first sight on my part. I did not meet the lady until months afterwards; but from that hour I lost interest in all other women. At best, they seemed a vapid set, with no reading or general information on which one could base a pleasant acquaintance.

"In course of time, through the influence of my friends, I secured remunerative employment, which led me to the capital city of Havana. Isabella II. was still Queen of Spain, but already there were signs of that discontent of the Cubans under Spanish rule which finally culminated in the first revolution, the precursor of the present troubles. Secret meetings of the Cubans were held nightly, and the line between them and the Peninsular Spaniards was very sharply drawn.

"It was not to be wondered at. Every office of honor, trust, or emolument was held by a Spaniard,—even to the most subordinate and menial positions. Policemen were, without exception, of Spanish birth. As fast as one horde of office-holders fattened, they returned to Spain with their gains, to be replaced by a fresh set of impecunious Spaniards, hungry and greedy for wealth.

"Peculation was rife, and the party preyed upon were the Cubans — the owners of the soil and riches of the island.

"One day, some weeks after my arrival, I was strolling along the Calle de O'Reilly, one of the principal shopping streets, when I was arrested by the sight of a lady, seated with an older woman in an open carriage that stood before one of the shops. There was no mistaking that fair skin, those wide blue eyes. It was my unknown of the balcony! A clerk of the store was standing by the carriage door, exhibiting some stuffs for her selection, as it was not customary in Cuba for ladies to alight when shopping; but I could perceive, by her slightly startled glance, that I had been noticed and remembered.

"Raising my hat to the ladies as I passed, in deference to the polite custom of the country, I hurried up to a public volante standing near, engaged it by the hour, and instructed the driver to follow the carriage I pointed out, wherever it might go. When, finally, the ladies' purchases were concluded, their carriage started, my volante at a respectful distance behind it, and rolled out of the city proper, through one of the beautiful gateways,— then still existing, but since razed to the ground,— along the handsome Pasco de Isabel Segunda, and out the Tacon Avenue, until it reached the Cerro, then, as now, the fashionable residence quarter. It finally stopped before one of the more modest of the many fine dwellings that line this street, and drove inside the courtyard or 'patio,'— by which I knew that she was at home.

"After carefully noting the house, I returned slowly to my bachelor quarters, revolving in my mind the question how I could best form the acquaintance of my beautiful unknown. In this I experienced no great difficulty. Respectable Americans, who were vouched for, had an easy entrée to the best Cuban society, and through one of several letters of introduction to Havana families, given me by my relatives, I was finally introduced into the family of Don Ramon Gutierrez, whose only daughter Carmen, was she on whom I had so ardently set my affections.

"Gutierrez, I found out, was himself a sugar planter,— his 'ingenio,' or plantation, being located in the neighborhood of Sagna la Grande, while his family consisted of his wife and

daughter and two sons, bright fellows of about twenty-two and twenty-four, students in the University. Besides these, there was an old maiden aunt of his, Doña Rosita. She was a dependent relative, noted for extreme piety, and still more extreme suspicion of everybody with whom she came in contact. The wife, Doña Josefa, was the granddaughter of a Boston sugar merchant, whose daughter had married a Cuban, and it was through her that my beloved one had derived that beautiful New England complexion, so rare and striking among these people.

"Unfortunately, while I could converse in Spanish, Carmen, or Carmencita, as I soon learned to call her, while proficient in French, did not know a word of my language. And though my love increased from day to day, as I became more and more acquainted with her lovely character and the firmness, yet tenderness, of her disposition, I soon found that love-making in Cuba was a much more roundabout process than in the States. In Cuba, under no circumstances is a young man left alone with a young lady; but all the tender things he has to say must be said in a whisper, or under cover of a fan, while in the presence of the girl's mother, or, in my case, frequently in that of Doña Rosita. Whenever I attempted to come to the point, there were the sharp eyes of the old lady gleaming at me. A Cuban young man could probably have managed the affair very easily,— they are brought up on that style of courtship,— but to me it was peculiarly embarrassing, and I many times regretted that I had left out French in my college course, or that Carmen could not talk English, neither of which languages Doña Rosita knew.

"Still, Carmen and I understood each other, and one evening, on the 'azotea,' as they call the flat-top, tiled roofs of their houses, I found my opportunity. Under the friendly cover of darkness, I at last managed to tell her of my love, and to win her promise to become my wife.

"The next day I wrote to her father, then in the country, and after a short delay received his consent to pay my addresses to his daughter. Everything promised brightly for the future.

"Carmen was a devoted Cuban, as were also her two brothers. They hated the Spaniards and delighted on every occasion to apply to them all manner of opprobrious epithets. Don Ramon, how-

ever, having large property interests, was much more conservative, and always expressed himself with extreme reserve.

"I had been approached cautiously, several times, with a view to being induced to enrol myself in one of the revolutionary clubs; but as I had participated only recently in a revolution in our own country, where I had come out on the losing side, I did not care to embroil myself in quarrels not my own. Besides, although I was slightly acquainted with our diplomatic representative in Cuba, Mr. De la Rentrie, the Consul-General, the passions engendered by our recent war had not yet cooled down; and as I did not know how far the protection of my own government might be extended in case I got into any difficulty, I was particularly careful to avoid any action that might arouse suspicion. In spite of my precautions, Carmen's brothers had, on two or three occasions, introduced me into little conclaves of their friends, where ultra-revolutionary sentiments were freely indulged in. At one of these, in which, it is needless to say, I took no part, I first met a young Cuban, named Trujillo, who was a frequent visitor at the Gutierrez home, and, as I learned, one of Carmen's rejected admirers. Him I disliked from the first — it must have been instinctive. He, in turn, detested me thoroughly.

"Meantime, matters between the two factions had grown rapidly worse. The Peninsular Spaniards in civil life had organized the Casino Club, and all the members had become volunteer soldiers, to assist the Government in suppressing the rising rebellion. On several occasions this citizen soldiery had been fired upon by the Cubans from the tops of houses, as they were passing below. The assailants would then escape over the adjoining roofs, and so out, at an entirely different point. Retaliation had followed, and the Spaniards went about only in groups. When one of their number was fired upon, the rest took summary vengeance on the inhabitants of the house, without stopping to inquire whether they were innocent or guilty of complicity. They were usually innocent. Of course these occurrences intensified the feeling.

"Admiral Hoff was then in command of the United States North Atlantic Squadron, and when his flagship, the *Contocook*, was in port, I had formed the habit of frequently going on board to visit the younger naval officers. Between them and myself,

although we had fought on opposite sides, there had arisen a very cordial feeling. While ashore, I was frequently their host; on board, their guest, and always made to feel a very welcome one.

"On one of my visits, happening to mention, laughingly, my bad standing at the consulate, one of the lieutenants handed me a small American flag and said: 'Keep that, and it will protect you as well as the consulate.' From that time I constantly wore it on my person as a badge of my nationality.

"Meantime, during the years I had spent in Cuba, my people at home had gradually recovered some of their war losses, and now urged my return. Indeed, I was getting tired of foreign life myself, and plead with Carmencita to marry me at once, and leave the island, but she was too ardent a patriot to consent. She always seemed to anticipate some sudden rising of her friends, with successful expulsion of the Spaniards, and achievement of Cuban independence at one blow. 'Then, Roberto,' she would say, 'we will have a grand wedding. In a short time Cuba will be one of the United States, and your wife will not be a foreigner after all.'

"About this time, Don Ramon, while absent from home, was arrested on suspicion of aiding the insurgents. This caused deep distress in his family, and although he was released within a week, the incident seemed to embitter them more against the Spaniards.

"The condition of affairs was growing worse daily. An American photographer, named Cohen, had been shot down in the streets by a body of volunteers, because on the challenge of '*Quien Viva*' he had not promptly responded "*España*." Poor fellow, he probably did not know it was required of him!

"At the Louvre Café, a number of persons had been shot by the Casino Volunteers, while sitting at the little tables taking refreshments — under the suspicion that they were Cuban conspirators. Already armed uprisings had taken place in the eastern end of the island. Several students of good family had been garroted by the authorities for seditious utterances. Cubans were beginning to be suspicious of each other and fearful of betrayal. Unfortunately, in a few instances such treachery actually took place, causing arrests and executions.

"To one brought up as I had been, such a life was simply horrible, and only my love for Carmencita held me captive.

While I felt that the Cubans were amply justifiable in their rebellion against Spain, I could not admire the underhand methods they adopted to compass their ends. The Spaniards, on the other hand, were much more open and bold, but perfectly ruthless in their vengeance. The knowledge that there was a plot, and that Cubans were in it, was sufficient to bring about a swift trial, with a brief interval for confession and shriving by a priest, followed immediately thereafter by execution in the death-chair, or 'garrote.'

"One evening I was sitting in the audience at the Villanneva Theater with some other young men, among whom was Trujillo, whom I have before mentioned. A new actress was to appear, and the house was crowded. After the first act, in response to their enthusiastic recall, she began a patriotic song, and as she concluded the first stanza, suddenly drew from some part of her costume a handsome Cuban flag, unfurling it as she cried out, '*Viva Cuba libre!*' 'Hurrah for free Cuba!'

"Poor girl! the words were her last. Scarcely were they out of her lips when a volley was fired from the back seats of the audience by the Spanish soldiery there seated, instantly killing her and three others, and wounding several more. The wildest panic ensued. Lights were extinguished, and in the confusion I was hurried out by Trujillo and my other companions to a room in the rear of a small café on the Plaza de la Reforma. Here were assembled some twenty or more young Cubans, all talking at once, and with fierce gesticulations denouncing this outrage.

"Watching for an opportunity, I was just about to retire, when, with a crash, one of the doors was burst open, and a squad of volunteer police was among us. There was a wild rush for escape, and many simultaneous struggles in all parts of the room.

"When the confusion was over, I, together with four others, was in the hands of the police. Trujillo had disappeared some time before, and all the rest had escaped. I explained to the officer in command of the squad that I was an American citizen, and in token of it, pulled out the little United States flag which had been given me by my friend, the lieutenant. He took it with derision, tore it to shreds before my face, spat upon it, and trampled it under foot. Had my hands not been seized, I should have struck him down, if it had cost me my life. I felt personally

outraged in every nerve of my body. The act of that Spaniard did more to 'reconstruct' me, as the saying is, than even my four years of exile, and from that hour my love and loyalty for the old flag never deserted me.

"Under strong guard we were conveyed to the military prison and confined in separate cells. Next day, about noon, I was visited by a mixed commission, composed of military officers and civilians, and subjected to a long and searching interrogation. All my answers were carefully taken down by a secretary, and when the examination was concluded, I was asked to subscribe my name at the bottom. I was about to comply, when, on reading it over, I found, preceding my own examination, a garbled and very inaccurate account of the circumstances attending my arrest. This, I declined to sign as correct, notwithstanding much persuasion and a good many threats. I asked, instead, to be allowed to write to our consul-general, Mr. De la Rentrie, but this was refused me, as they said he had nothing to do with the case.

"I now began to feel alarmed for my own safety, and this alarm was increased when three days elapsed without my seeing any one but the man who brought my daily rations. The mental strain was fearful. On the fourth day, paper, pens, and ink were furnished me, and I was informed I might write to whom I liked.

"My spirits brightened, and I at once wrote a long statement of all the circumstances to our consul-general, and implored him to come to see me in prison, and to look to it that I should be fairly treated, and given a proper opportunity to establish my innocence of any complicity in plots against the integrity of Spain. Imprudently, I mentioned with considerable warmth the incident of the tearing up of the American flag, and the insults the Spanish had offered it. I take it for granted this letter was never forwarded to our consul, as I neither saw him nor heard from it afterwards. I had thoughts at first of writing to Carmen; but fearing that this might compromise her family, I refrained.

"Next day, at about 10 A. M., an officer came to my cell, and with great gravity informed me that my companions and I had been tried by the Court of Safety, lately instituted, and found guilty of sedition and treason, and that we had been condemned to expiate our crime on the 'garrote,' at noon of the following

day. He supplemented this astounding statement with a short exhortation to make my peace with God; and said that one of the fathers of the church would visit me that evening, to hear my confession, and administer to me the consolations of religion.

"I will spare you the recital of my feelings. Tried, convicted, and sentenced without one chance to defend myself! Yet such were the methods employed by the Spanish authorities to crush out the first Cuban rebellion.

"My dinner that day was all that could be desired,— even wine was furnished. Needless to say, it was untouched. Though I asked for the privilege, no further opportunity was given me to appeal to our consul, nor, indeed, to write at all.

"About dusk the priest came in, and was allowed to remain with me alone. I turned from him, for my mood was too bitter to admit of thoughts of God, or, in fact, of anything except a wild compassion for myself — far from home and kindred, and abandoned to my fate by all the world. God Himself seemed unjust, and I had no use for His minister.

"Just then I heard a sob behind me. Turning suddenly at the sound, I saw the priest, face downwards on my cot, sobbing as if his heart would break. I touched him on the shoulder, and he turned his face towards me — it was that of Carmen!

. . . . . .

"The devoted girl had learned of my fate through her brothers. It appears that Trujillo, after the catastrophe at the theater, had seen, in our retreat to the Cuban rendezvous, an opportunity to revenge himself on his successful rival. His denunciation of the place to the police caused the surprise and arrest. He became what we here call 'State's evidence,' and his testimony, corroborated by certain circumstances he was able to point out, had been sufficient to secure my conviction. As I have said, Carmen's family were not in good odor with the authorities; but through other influences, she was enabled to procure the long black habit of a priest, which, with the cowl and hat, completely disguised her. By the same potent means, she had secured an assignment to this prison duty. Under her loose robes she had concealed a similar garb for me — hat and all — which she made me quickly assume. With a small pair of scissors she deftly cut off my moustache,

informing me that my passage to Wilmington, North Carolina, had been engaged on the schooner *Almirante*, plying in the fruit trade, and that this little vessel was to sail at 4 P. M. the next day. I was to boldly walk out of my cell, on the signal when her time was up, and so out into the street, impersonating the priest, while she was to remain behind. This plan I objected to on the ground of possible danger to herself; but she assured me that it was all arranged that she should follow shortly afterwards, and that even if discovered, her punishment, at most, would be a heavy fine, and banishment, whereas for me to remain meant death.

"'You know, Roberto,' she said, 'as soon as my father can settle some business matters, we are all going to the United States, where you will rejoin us, and we shall be happy ever afterwards.' Well, it would be profanation to speak of our parting. In the end I consented to her plan. When the signal was given I walked out, and passing without the slightest difficulty the guard and sentinels, I soon found myself in the street, once more a free man.

"My quarters were as I left them, and I easily entered unnoticed. I lay awake long that night, pondering on the heroic devotion of the girl who loved me. To save me, she had not hesitated to trample on all conventionalities, in a society whose whole basis was conventional, and where to violate one of its laws meant social suicide. Yet she came, and reached me in spite of locks and bars and prison guards.

"Next morning, after an early breakfast, I packed my personal belongings and sent them on board the *Almirante* by a trusty cargador. Then, in spite of the risk, I took a volante and was driven out to the Cerro, to have one parting interview with Carmencita, though she had advised me against such a course. When I arrived at her house, to my surprise, I found it closed, and the windows barred; and as I dared not make inquiries, for fear of attracting attention, I had myself driven back to the city.

"As I passed the beautiful Plaza de la Reforma, I noticed a large and excited crowd gathered, and saw in the center, on a raised platform, the chair of the garrote. This consists of a large arm-chair, to the legs and arms of which are securely fastened the legs and arms of the person to be executed. Around the neck of the condemned person is passed a metallic collar, at

the back of which is a small vertical wheel resembling a brake wheel. One turn of this by the executioner drives a sharp pointed instrument into the spine, and death immediately ensues.

"I stopped the volante to gaze on the gruesome scene. On the platform, raised some distance above the heads of the spectators, were the condemned, two or three priests, the guards and attendants. Below were five hearses and as many coffins. One body was being taken down, and another was being arranged in the fatal chair. I did not know him, nor did I the next, though the faces of both were familiar to me.

"Then there seemed to be a pause. One of the priests sat down in the chair as if to try it — it almost looked as if they fastened him in, even going so far as to adjust the collar about his neck, when — what was this! — At a signal, the executioner gave one quick turn of the wheel — the priest, too, was dead. His head fell on one side, and as it fell, there dropped from it his cap and wig, revealing to all the long fair hair and beautiful features of — Carmen. She had given her life for mine!

"I fell back insensible in the volante. When I recovered my senses, we were far out on the ocean. How I got on board the *Almirante* I never knew. The captain said I was brought there insensible by two young men.

"Now, Ned, you know why I have never married."

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Robert Deering left us the next day. I never saw him afterwards. A few months ago he died in New Mexico, where he had gone, on the advice of a physician, to seek that health he did not desire. At last that noble heart, so long bereaved, is united to that of the devoted Cuban girl — Carmen.

Regina.

BY GRACE FRANCES BIRD.

THERE came to Harvard University in the early sixties a little Japanese lad, Nagoya by name. And a droll addition he was to the student body of that institution's less cosmopolitan days. Still the contrast was by no means to the disadvantage of the young Japanese. Though of rather short stature, his lithe, graceful body was in perfect proportion, while his wonderful exploits in the gymnasium continually astounded those who mistook his delicate appearance for an index of his physique. His queer olive face, merry little eyes, and comically melancholy mouth proved all the more fascinating because of their unlikeness to the more sternly cut features of his classmates; while through its contrast to the harsher New England accent, his soft, gentle voice with its quaint intonations gained a piquant charm, whether heard in conversation or recitation. Being, besides, bright, jovial, and affectionate, Nagoya at once became a great favorite with the students, while his frankness, integrity, and persistent application soon won the favor of the most stony-hearted professors. Indeed, popular as he was among the students, it was soon noted with some surprise that Nagoya chiefly sought the companionship of older men. In this, however, the little Japanese was simply following out his instructions. For he had come to Harvard in accordance with a long-established custom of the Japanese government, which sends at frequent intervals, to the educational institutions of other countries, youth selected from the flower of the nobility, that thus the nation may benefit by its rivals' important discoveries and inventive devices.

His especial friend and confidant was Professor Bernardini, instructor in the scientific department. The two were constantly together, whether experimenting in the laboratory, reading in the

library, or botanizing in long rambles into the country. Indeed, within a short time such a strong attachment had sprung up between them that the professor proposed to receive Nagoya into his home as a member of the family during the remainder of his college days; an offer that Nagoya gratefully accepted, no less because of the delightful home life thus opened to him than because of the opportunity for close association with a people whose manners and customs he was studying. And for this purpose the Japanese lad could not have found a better household. The family was not large; it consisted only of the professor, his gentle American wife, and three children, who, being not far from Nagoya's age, proved especially agreeable companions. Of these the two elder were boys, — Nagoya's classmates, — bright, honest fellows, full of healthy animation and enthusiasm. The third was a sweet little maid of twelve, — Regina, the baby of the family, — a roguish little tyrant with great black eyes, very long curls, and very short skirts. Altogether Regina was an absolute autocrat, and lived her name by ruling the members of her household with a despotism that amazed the young Japanese, accustomed to the submissive woman of the Orient.

For four years Nagoya remained in the happy American home, becoming with each day more and more attached to his foster relatives. He was, as a matter of course, a devoted admirer of the professor and his wife, and the constant companion of the boys, while Regina — well, Nagoya had long since ceased to wonder at the homage tendered the little queen by her devoted subjects. In fact, despite the lack of years on both sides, the young Japanese had fallen deeply in love with little Regina Bernardini.

Coming as he did from a land where children are wedded when barely in their teens, Nagoya saw nothing that was not perfectly natural in this youthful attachment, and cherished fond dreams of the bright future when he should sail with his dear one to the land of the rising sun.

Meantime the Bernardinis had never for an instant guessed the young Oriental's secret romance. To them his open caresses and love avowals, his pretty gifts to their little daughter, seemed only the tokens of one child's grateful affection for another. So that when, a few weeks previous to his departure, Nagoya laid before the

professor the pathetic little tale of his love and hopes, that individual was as much taken aback as though a bomb had been exploded at his feet.

Of course the proposal was not to be considered. Very gently the professor explained to his young comrade the situation as viewed by American eyes, dwelling upon Regina's youth and innocence and her unsuspecting affection for him, which could never attain greater depth.

The young Oriental bore the news quietly, but from that time his spirits drooped; his elastic step grew languid, his joyous laughter silent, until finally his friends feared lest some breakdown should follow this seeming apathy.

But they had underestimated the strength of Nagoya's character. During the few remaining days of his stay he pursued his customary duties with dogged determination; only now his slow, mechanical movements were never relieved by the enthusiasm once so characteristic of the lad, nor was his dreamy, gentle voice ever raised in merry banter or laughing repartee.

On the day of his departure Nagoya was walking, as was his wont, in the little garden behind the house. A sudden turn in the path disclosed Regina swaying idly in a hammock. She wore a dress of fleecy whiteness. A dainty cap rested on her shining black curls, her dark eyes gazed dreamily up through the branches to the blue of the summer sky. As Nagoya approached she turned, looking at him half regretfully, half eagerly.

"Don't rise," said the lad gently. "I have come for one last word — a farewell. Soon Nagoya leaves you. Ah, my land of the rising sun will be the land of the setting sun without you, my Regina. One token I leave you, the seed of our royal flower, the chrysanthemum. Tell no one I gave it, for it is of chrysanthemums the queen, and he who gives the seed to a foreigner is under death penalty. Give to it your dear name, Regina — queen. As its flowers bud and blossom, remember, so will Nagoya's love for you bloom, growing, growing forever. And now farewell, my Regina, my queen."

Placing the packet in her hand, he turned away. That night he left America, never to return.

When the next year the seeds were planted, and a gorgeous

pink flower reared its head into the sunlight, Regina gave it her name. Soon the Regina chrysanthemum, the most beautiful ever known to the horticultural world, was the wonder of the season. Visitors came from great distances to see the lovely blossoms. But Regina never forgot the secret significance of the flowers as they budded and blossomed, and, thinking of the Japanese boy's pathetic farewell, would whisper with a sigh, "Poor Nagoya."

Seven years later Regina married. But in her new happiness she did not forget her old friend. When she changed her reign from her father's home to her husband's she would have no other name for her new home than Chrysanthemum Lodge. One of the first stories that she told her little son, John Ambrose, was of the young Japanese who had played with her when she was a little girl; and no story-book fairyland pleased him half so well as his mother's descriptions of Nagoya's home, that queer, delightful, fantastic country on the other side of the world.

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It was a day early during the recent war between Japan and China. In his private office the Japanese siogoon, or minister of war, sat closeted with an official who was the bearer of a petition for pardon from a prisoner lately condemned to death. The offender was a United States naval cadet accused of secretly aiding the Chinese forces, and appealing now to the siogoon as the one person whose intercession could save his life. Already, however, the impassive-featured minister of war had practically dismissed the case, when, as a matter of form, he tore open the envelope sent him by the prisoner. A sudden spasm of pain crossed the siogoon's face, as from the inner wrappings of soft tissue paper there fell a faded photograph of a lovely little girl and a few scattering chrysanthemum seeds. Very reverently, and all unmindful of the astonishment of the official, the great man bent and pressed the little card to his lips. Then, as he read upon the back the words in which Regina introduced her son to her old friend and playmate, he turned to his visitor: —

"Yarmatto, draw up an order for the immediate release of John Ambrose, an American prisoner sentenced to death, on a charge of having given aid to the Chinese; see that it is put into effect at once, and that the prisoner is brought to me."